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The making of her journey

ENID BAGNOLO: *Enid Bagnold's Autobiography*. 293pp. Heinemann. £2.15s.

In one sense, all creative writers write only of themselves, even when by the gift of empathy they get so inside their characters that it is the creature rather than the creator who is more memorable. But Enid Bagnold does not pretend to such impersonation. She has always only written about herself. Her first book, *A Diary without Dates*, was straight reportage, and got her sacked from hospital immediately. Her novels were written out of personal experience. *The Happy Foreigner* (1920) and *The Squire* (1938), republished in 1954 as *The Girl's Journey* (Men build their own lives; but no girl knows her journey), are very different in mood. The first is a feeling love story against the grim ending of the First World War. The second, curiously remote from the pre-occupation of most people on the eve of the Second World War, is concerned with coping "with all that comes, running two houses, the hatching of terrible secrets you find in *The Squire*, having the children (which was a wild surprise for me and a demonic absorption for a long time), trying to write... never letting a day go by in all these years that I didn't somehow do some writing from ten am till one".

This she wrote to Arthur Calder-Marshall for the introduction of *The Girl's Journey*. Her autobiography admits a curious isolation from the political realities of the 1930s. As the wife of Sir Roderick Jones, the head of Reuters, the intimate friend of Count Albrecht Henrich, she ought to have known better in 1933 than to visit Hitler's Germany and write a pro-Nazi article for *The Times*. "I was tremendously attacked and very surprised... Rebecca West, for whom I have enormous respect, rounded on me at the head of some stairs leading away from a party." Lady Violet Bonham Carter pursued her across the Savoy Grill "with that curious pecking action too close to the face". Looking back, she excuses herself: "I was no more naive than the Left were over Stalin's Russia."

But she was more naive than her neighbours in Hyde Park Gate: Jacob Epstein because his race was threatened, and Winston Churchill because civilization was. It was not surprising that a number of people in the different circles within which she moved felt that she was an outsider.

And so indeed she was, has always been, and still is, not from knowing too few people but too many in different social contexts, without the art of drawing them together, perhaps because, being a girl, she has not built her own life, but has made her journey unsure of destination.

Her father was in the Royal Engineers, ending up as a Colonel, an admirably integrated chap, who when posted to Jamaica got the family installed in the magnificent, run-down Cold Spring House (at £24 per annum and when posted to Woolwich bought a splendid, but equally cheap place on Shooters Hill. He sent Enid to school at Haslemere, with Aldous Huxley's mother as headmistress, because the soil was sandy. Aged twelve, she asked nine-year-old Aldous, "What did you do today?" When he did not answer, she repeated the question. He answered, "I heard you the first time."

I didn't meet him again for forty years. "You were very frightening, Aldous. He gave me a very sweet smile," I'm fondly smiling.

Julian wasn't frightening, with whom she swapped poems. Nor were the daughters of literary "greats", like Gilbert Murray, Marjorie Hewlett and Conon Doyle. Triumphant Enid won the prize for poetry, despite her blushing and giddy father.

feminine equivalent of the adolescent male's nose.

Back in Shooters Hill, via a botch-up finishing school in Marlburg and a splendid one in Neillville, poet Enid looked for the shortest route out of the Sappers and Gunners. It moved in next door, when Catherine d'Erlanger thought it would be such fun to take an out-of-town place which made her guests drive up the Old Kent Road. Enid secured an entrée as the girl from next door and her entrée as a "writer". So it has always happened with greater writers such as Dickens and D. H. Lawrence, from far lower back-grounds. Art gives a pass-key in many different mansions.

The first which Enid Bagnold entered was in Chelsea (four girls sharing a flat at 3s. 7d. a week each). What magic to meet Henri Gaudier (of whom Miss Bagnold wrote superbly, even though Gaudier thought of her only as a rich girl who by paying £3 for a plaster cast of her head would enable him to do some real work). This head is now worth about £3,000 which shows what it meant to be a rich girl living in a flat at 3s. 7d. a week in 1907.

Enid had a yearly allowance of £75 and took a job on *Modern Society* under Frank Harris to double her income. She lost her virginity with Harris before he went to quod and she went back to Shooters Hill.

Her world of Chelsea embraced Sicker, Lavat Fraser, Ralph Hodgson, W. H. Davies, Dan Rider, Katherine Mansfield. But though "no girl knows her journey", she knew that she did not want the sort of squallor of Gaudier in Chelsea. Catherine d'Erlanger had shown her a grander way out from Woolwich, and Prince Antoine Bibesco, who was in love with her for three days and with whom she was in love longer, showed her the way she chose to go.

At the age of thirty, after having turned down several suitors, she was proposed to by the head of Reuters, Sir Roderick Jones, twelve years older than herself, a very small man, very rich, dynamic, busy and powerful. He swept her off her feet: not so much by passion as by the pressure of inconvenience. A marriage of convenience, in which when his bride confessed her earlier lovers, Sir Roderick pondered, "All those pretty girls I've known—would they have slept with me?" It proved toughly durable. Lots of rows. Four children. Inconspicuous. Must we have those four Japanese princes when Desmond MacCarthy would be so much more amusing? Would he?

Desmond was a bone of contention. Sir Roderick liked facts, precise, telegraphic. Sir Desmond ideas sustained on the tenuous festival structures of his prose. Lady Jones loved them both, her husband loyally, Desmond artistically. The Irish charmer who told her that Dr. Johnson said one should never be afraid of boring, but seldom did.

The ambiguity of her position (her nature?) was built into the reconstruction of 29 Hyde Park Gate. The hayloft was turned into the largest nursery in London. The dining room was equipped with two tables, a long to seat eighteen and a round ten people, both necessary at times for the guests of Sir Roderick and Lady Jones. But where would Enid Bagnold write? Sir Edward Lyttons ended by fastening a room like a ship's cabin into a niche above the drawing room. It had two doors and one was vented a wooden ladder. "Stop and think whether your errand is really necessary."

She jealously guarded the three hours a day needed by Enid Bagnold for writing against the demands of her children and her duties as Lady Jones. In the literary world she was regarded as a society woman; and her finest novel, *The Loved and Beloved*, was discounted because none of its characters had to worry about money, or its lack.

Though Enid Bagnold protests that she cannot waste the end of her life telling anecdotes about interesting people, much of the early and middle section of this book is devoted to stories which seem to have been polished over years of dinner table conversation. The result is cool, amusing, but detached. The author does not come, or want us to come, to nearly such close quarters with herself as she does in her novels. It is only towards the end, with the retirement of Sir Roderick from Reuters and her turning from novel-writing (that solitary, but satisfying employment) to the glamour and autograph of the theatre, that this autobiography quickens, with emotion.

She takes us through the agonies of writing and rewriting to reconcile the demands of what she wishes to say, and what the producer/director would like said and the actors/actresses are capable of saying. Starting with Gladys Cooper as intimate "Enid", she becomes "Miss Bagnold", "Lady Jones" and at last "Lady J.". But on the opening night in New York, Gladys Cooper magnificently delivers her (Enid's) lines in *The Chalk Garden*. In New York, also, Margaret Leighton (in her thirteenth triumphantly impersonates a woman of seventy, in *The Chinese Prince Minister*, while Edith Evans in the same part in London succeeds much less well.

Every writer who comes to death has to touch this terrible old manuscript with a new wand. Mine, in that play, was curiosity. The curiosity about death of the living.

The old butler of a hundred (Alan Webb) pops lightly in and out of death. He dies twice. You can't weep over a man who dies twice. It must mean something else.

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—P. J. Kavanagh in *The Guardian*

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Toughs at the top

MICHAEL FELD: *Super Shelly's*. 280pp. Alan Ross. 30s.

Michael Feld explores the world of London townies in a novel called *Up* about a novelist's failure to write a sick fantasy about an American gangster superman called Sirop Banally: the whole project was too shaming, too self-indulgent. Michael Feld lacks qualms. Sirop Banally lives not only in Super Shelly but in his nephew, Howie—who "understood the wounding power of everyday things. Peanies, rings, bricks, thousands of them. For Howie was a great disciple of the dago way of lighting". Howie is employed as a rent collector. 1st Proliferating British samurai, they all relied on Howie... lowest of the low, earning minis for knocking people about and seeing them coughed up, and teaching them lessons." This tough tracks down and menaces his wealthy uncle Alec, whom he hated in youth, and discovers that Alec is now Super Shelly who runs the country—at

least the money-making blocks of it. Apart from his business activities, he has been guiding Howie's career.

Who do you think squired your exile, and your profitable rent collecting agency, Howie? ... Why the law could have Howie a per and this is the appreciation he gets. ... Howie sobbed, overcome at Super's strength and glamour.

This climax is rather like that of the current popular song, "A Boy Named Sue". But Michael Feld's social and cultural references belong to an earlier period, a 1940s childhood, with Carmen Miranda and Edgar Bergen. A girl in a modern leather miniskirt has *Fuku Fuku* legs. The B.B.C. style of Raymond Glendinning is evoked. "Make it a day to remember for British boxing," observes a friend, watching Howie beat his grandmother. "Come in, W. Barrington Tallboy. It's the old story of a good big up against a good little on. Yes, now the claret is beginning to flow." Michael Feld's rough, slick style is no bad medium for expressing, humorously, a general disgust.

Dead dutiful

CONNELL, Jr. Mr. Bridge

Mr. Bridge

pride: then the little scene is over. We move on to Mr. Bridge's secret satisfaction perhaps at seeing his two daughters, Ruth and Carolyn, just after they've been fighting.

Thinking about it he was secretly a little pleased. He could not bring himself to lay a hand on Carolyn when she became objectionable, but he suspected Ruth might have taught her a lesson. Mr. Connell sums up countless familiar family situations with this sort of quiet exactness.

Walter Bridge is the kind of man E. M. Forster has always been so concerned about: he cannot connect. We see him mainly in a family context, and there is never warmth or humanity in his relationships either with his wife or his son or his two daughters. He is never less than dutiful, never less than a generous provider, but what he provides is somehow always too solidly sensible ever to be fun. He gives his daughter, for example, some share certificates as a present, on the grounds that a portfolio must be better value than a handbag. He lives in Kansas City. He has been poured into the mould

ales of the ur-Hemingway

CRANE: *Bowery Tales*. 277pp. Introduction by James B. Watson and J. G. Levenson. Edited by Fredson Bowers. Chicago: University Press of Chicago. £7.75 each.

Crane's reputation is safe thanks to the efforts of John Galsworthy and others. Crane is a typical action-diplomat, the wayward both in work and in life. He was a minor of paragon, a sane obsessive, a sentimental child-worshipper and a poet, a poet all of whose late lyrics and all of whose prose were short stories.

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When the whole edition is complete, will V. S. Pritchett still be able to say, as he does in his Oxford introduction, that Crane burnt himself out after he wrote *The Red Badge of Courage*? What about *The Millionaire*, written some years later and not included in the Oxford book, but now appearing in the other Virgin volume with the *Tales of Hemingway*, the childhood stories in

of American. Middle-west, ad hoc morality and he has set hard. Underneath the unyielding outer crust his lusts finally surface, but never enough to force a crack.

With Mr. Connell commentary and criticism are always implicit. Is Bridge a monster? Or a joke? Or a model? Perhaps a bit of all three. But the final impression left with the reader of this shifty, most beautifully composed novel is that of a man stunted and pointlessly deprived. Lawrence's great words in *A Propos of Lady Chatterley* might have been running in Mr. Connell's head as he wrote this book:

The body's life is the life of sensation and emotions. The body feels real hunger, real thirst, real joy in the sun or the snow, real pleasure in the smell of roses or the look of a bluebird; real anger, real sorrow, real love, real tenderness, real warmth, real passion, real hate, real grief. All the emotions belong to the body, and are only recognized by the mind.

One is made to feel that deep down Mr. Bridge might recognize the truth of this, while always, in practice, shying away from it.

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Secker & Warburg

John Keats

of the past century, over decades revolts around sectional conflicts over slavery and economic matters. Michael Thelen suggests that the political coalition of the day was more precisely a fusion of local social and economic conditions resulting from industrialization and immigration.

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Fiery and benevolent

BERNADETTE DEVLIN: *The Price of my Soul*. 200pp. André Deutsch. 25s. Pan. 6s.
TERENCE O'NEILL: *Ulster of the Crossroads*. 201pp. Faber and Faber. 30s.

Let no one who holds the highly tenable view that too much has been heard from and about Miss Bernadette Devlin be put off from reading *The Price of my Soul*. (The title may be excused for having been chosen by Miss Devlin as a tribute to her mother who had meant to use it for a book she was never able to write.) Quite apart from politics, this little autobiographical sketch ranks for lively truth to social life with the best works on Ireland. Her picture of growing up in the small-town atmosphere of provincial Ulster is as authentic as were Sean O'Casey's Dublin slums or the deep South of Somerville and Ross.

The author's father, drawn with warm and humorous understanding, was the son of an old soldier in the British army who got a bullet in the knee in the Boer War and was rewarded with a job as a road-sweeper. From her father Miss Devlin learnt the first nursery rhyme she remembers. It ran:

Where is the flag of England?
Where is she to be found?
Where over there's blood and plunder
They're under the British ground.

She was also taught to sing the many verses of "The Croppy Boy", a narrative in which a young lad who goes to a priest's house for confession finds, after he has made it, that

his confessor is a Yeoman Guard in disguise and that the priest has been beheaded and is floating down the river. The Guardian then kills the boy. Miss Devlin sang this without any feeling of bitterness—"It was part of Irish culture and it came naturally to me."

As her father, like so many of his countrymen, found nothing inconsistent in taking British money, he was away from home working for long stretches in England, and so the mother was the dominant partner in the family. She and her daughters and son held together against all comers. Their relatives and neighbours were given dramatic reasons for knowing that this was a clan ready to pay back all scores with compound interest. Whether she is telling about a funeral, serving in a pub, delighting in a brief family holiday at Portrush, going to Mass, calling her headmistress, Mother Benignus, a bigot, or switching from Celtic studies to psychology at Queen's University in Belfast, she always comes through as a fiery little particle, generous, impulsive, pugnacious, loyal, full of laughter and brave in the face of poverty and death.

When she comes on to her election to Parliament and campaigning in the Derry Bogside, she inevitably covers much ground already made familiar by newspaper reports. She feels a kindred spirit with the arrogant personality of Michael Collins and believes she is in much the same situation as his. But she is critical of him and other southern Irish leaders, past and present, including

President de Valera. As a Catholic she makes a distinction between the doctrines of the Church, which she does not accept, and the structure of the Church, which she does accept. It doesn't worry me if she is not all to get married, because she is still for me, the best woman of my Christian belief.

She does not think that the Rev. Ian Paisley hates Catholics as he appears to do—"Whether he is a socialist," All that she does not like is the Catholic Church, which she does not like to make liberal noises which are on conviction with the Catholic Church. The Protestant Unionists in thinking they are losing something.

How far that judgment is justified is tested by following O'Neill through his recent years and writings collected in *Ulster of the Crossroads*. Old speeches and letters make hard reading, and O'Neill's are no exception. The valuable as the historical record, a benevolent politician setting out clearly to take the sting out of religious and nationalist feelings in Six Counties, while staunchly maintaining the Crown link. He is the freemason of people in an area beleaguered by war, could greet Americans, and the sort of inspired men considering setting up a new state, while officially lecturing with "Yanks go home."

"They did," he adds sadly, "we never saw them again." And in all Captain O'Neill's attempt to stop a street war which the world has apparently black eye from both sides.

Image-changers

STEPHEN HASELER: *The Gaitskellies*. Revisionism in the British Labour Party 1951-64. 280pp. Macmillan. 63 10s.

First and last, a plea—heartfelt, soul-deep—to the thoughtful and discriminating Dr. Haseler. He influences students, some of whom will go into active politics. He is himself young and a prospective Labour candidate; *The Gaitskellies* is his first book, and he will presumably write more. Couldn't he do something to enliven the language of current political discussion, beginning by setting a better example himself? The problem is not so much of meaning, which usually manages to break through, as of vocabulary and style.

The method whereby many of the larger unions arrive at policy decisions and mandate their delegates has caused considerable controversy...

Almost any sentence will do—or won't do, except for those who have toughened their digestions to take such dry crusts. That the unappealing style is nothing unexpected, in perfectly normal diet in our time, is exactly the trouble. The acceptance as routine of such dispiriting stuff may in itself be a cause of that inadequate decision-making. Who can say how many would-be union workers it has driven up the wall; or, as Dr. Haseler might put it, how many potential activists it has tended to alienate from policy-making participation?

The area is admittedly a sensitive one. Semantics, if not the life and soul of the party, occupy a large section of its nervous system. While not necessarily joining his own higher flights among the positive anti-neutrality and the negative anti-neutrality, we can accept from Dr. Haseler that Labour has been obsessed with difficulties. By its nature, which is partly by its urge for honesty, the party splits easily—division is proof. When change the words you use and avoid using become all the more important, Hugh Gaitskell and his group managed to shift habits of thought in months rather than years or decades, and that was a remarkable

achievement. He was a successful revisionist, though it is doubtful if he would have had much use for the word. In fact his talent for plain-speaking was almost embarrassing (it would be awesome to have Dr. Haseler's translation of "we will fight, and fight, and fight again"). To assume, however, that plainness is always possible would be naive. There are times when a rhetoric erects hoardings behind which demolition and construction work can go on. The Labour old guard may suspect that sacred tablets are being ruthlessly broken, but there are Tories of an equally unworshipful sort who believe that the Wilson pragmatism is a cover for ulterior aims that amount to nothing more nor less than sheer socialism.

In fact Mr. Wilson doesn't finish from using the term. As Dr. Haseler points out, he has often talked about the "socialist party", a phrase that seldom sprang to Gaitskell's lips. At the same time Wilson won his election triumph on a managerial dialect that would have meant less than Swahili to the founding fathers. It appealed to the new men, and helped to scatter the mismanaged enemy. Yet it was really the Gaitskellies' thing; for years they had been quietly proclaiming the changed facts of politico-economic life and pointing to the new levers of power.

It is not Dr. Haseler's concern to dwell on party squabbles, nor is his book likely to arouse any fresh ones. It is a book of language, the dangers of verbal blindness are slight: call a man a middle-class intellectual revisionist and he can take evasive action before the phrase is properly out. Nor is this author maintaining that the legitimate revisionist right was always right in foreign policy, for instance, the inside-left Wilsonites were probably nearer reality than the Gaitskellies, mesmerized by their fear of Russia. His case is that Labour can claim to have done some significantly successful image-changing, thanks mostly to Gaitskell. The informal dialogue will go on and on. Brothers or competitors, or both at once? Owners or associate managers? The questions are likely to get fluid answers, and the developing argument will call for an ever-changing rhetoric. This may be direct or it may be devious, it should avoid being dead.

Prophet, propagandist and crusader

LEAVIS: *English Literature in Our Times and the University*. The Clarendon Press. 1967. 200pp. Clarendon and Oxford. 30s. (Paperback, 15s.)

All the critics of his time, I. R. Leavis has most consistently thought of himself as a critic. He has thought of himself as a critic of the countrymen and sensibility from a countryman's point of view. He has thought of himself as a critic of the countrymen and sensibility from a countryman's point of view. He has thought of himself as a critic of the countrymen and sensibility from a countryman's point of view.

Where does safety lie—unless in nihilism? We didn't need Nietzsche to tell us to live dangerously; there is no other way of living. For Leavis, himself, the force of intelligence, had, in the strong disinterested way, the courage of life and, it follows, the impulse and the power to stir intelligence into active life in others.

One may say of this paragraph that it is made vivid by the preservation of "speech rhythms"; that it engages the felt sympathy of the author; that it glows with the life of a genuine feeling (in this instance, admiration); and that quite unconsciously it asks the question a reader of goodwill might well wish to ask in any account of Dr. Leavis's own teaching career. This is so, isn't it?

The second sample is part of a recapitulation of Dr. Leavis's intellectual, and so often woefully misunderstood, "placing" of Milton. Unlike the self-sufficient paragraph about Milton, it is torn from a closely argued context, and may therefore lose something of its quality—but not enough to disguise the trenchancy, intellectual power and poetic sensibility of this critic at his best.

Milton's genius is to be described not merely as un- but as anti-Shakespearean. The ethos of his stylistic invention denies his verse anything like a Shakespearean relation to the living language. With the absence of the speech-subtleties of Shakespeare, and the fact that he is a poet, the reader's most delicate sense of what is natural in English speech goes a marked restriction of the part played by evoked

serenous effects and evoked specific varieties of energy—no absence, in sum, of arresting concreteness. An insistence on being appreciated as such ("music") tends to predominate in the Miltonic poetic. What it offers is eloquence.

A close reader of Dr. Leavis might pick up his ears a little apprehensively at the intrusion, even in this portion of a paragraph of cool appraisal, of the key-word "insists". But the promise of possible pugnacity is not realized, and the sentences are unimpeded in their main effort, which is persuasion. This is so, isn't it?

The third passage is part of a commentary on a review in the TLS of the Franks Causation Report and Lord Robbins's book *The University and the Modern World*. Dr. Leavis has been discussing the reviewer's point that most of our literature has been written by people who "have been outside the university and"

What I am calling attention to is the portentous significance of his being, when taking part in the debate, which isn't merely theoretical, about the urgent need to expand, multiply and moderate the universities, able to dismiss with such unconscious irresponsibility all suggestion that the universities have had a vital function in relation to English literature. In doing that—which is the truth for which I am at getting a full and real recognition—he is lightly dismissing the function that, in our world, which becomes every year more completely what it is, only the university can perform. "I think" is the word, his attitude is an

unconscious tribute to the potency of the technological-Benthamite climate in which we live.

Unlike the other two extracts, this passage has to be read several times before the meaning emerges. This is because the "speech rhythms" have become an almost incoherent succession of self-interruptions; they are the forays and asides of a man who feels that he has to hit out constantly at Hydra-headed enemies to his intention. Before long, the expected lines against "the Sunday papers", Lord Snow, the TLS and the British Council appear. Yet if Dr. Leavis feels obliged to spatter the undergrowth around him with what at times look like hysterical bursts of fire, it must be because he believes that the values he cherishes, and at other times so movingly displays, are under ceaseless threat. This is so, isn't it?

Dr. Leavis, being human, will presumably reply "Yes" to the first two "This-isn't-it?" questions, and "No" or "Yes, but..." to the third. Yet the intention in phrasing them side by side has been, first, to establish that the same serious and basically "life-giving" concern is behind all three questions; and, only secondly, to express scorn rather than indignation that conditions—whether real, imaginary, or partly real and partly imaginary—should have arisen which compel so skilled a craftsman to use a chisel as a screwdriver. Purely from the point of view of that attention to the spoken or written word which Dr. Leavis has taught us, it is painful to note how the precision instrument of his sensibility, as richly exemplified here in such things as his interpretative assessments of Eliot as comic and poet, becomes blunted when it is

used to belabour Lord Robbins, or less gifted commentators on Dickens, or whoever and whatever.

Surely the time has come for Dr. Leavis to grasp the nettle and give us a straight autobiographical account of his life at Cambridge, and have done with it. A painstaking researcher could assemble much from the asides, footnotes, allusions abounding in his published work and presented in more concentrated form in his *Retrospect* to the reissue of *Scrutiny*. In the book under review, another splendid milestone in a life work of unswerving constancy, there are in usual three active Leavises at work: the brilliantly gifted literary critic showing us how to do it; the engaged social and moral thinker explaining to us just why it is so important to be able to do it; and the vulnerable human being exposed by those who either try to stop him from doing it, or cannot see why it need be done, or (most disavowing of all, perhaps) try to follow him but simply cannot keep up with him. But it is asking too much of one man that he should be prophet, propagandist and crusader in his own flesh. If Dr. Leavis had not been so manifest a master at his own first craft, who would have bothered their heads about the claims he makes for it, or the battles he wages on its behalf?

Yehudi Menuhin makes us love the violin by playing it, not by using his bow to beat the heads of inattentive listeners or incompetent critics. Dr. Leavis makes us value literary criticism of a high order by doing it, as in the best pages of these lectures. The point has surely been reached when, more acclimated at last than he seems able to credit, he could with human leave the rest to time.

Eng. lit. expands

GERALD MOORE: *The Chosen Tongue*. 222pp. Longmans £2 5s.

"We in the West Indies", wrote George Lamming, "can meet the twentieth century without fear: for we begin with colonial advantages. The West Indian, though provincial, is perhaps the most cosmopolitan man in the world." He speaks an international language, the unique language of the British West Indies, an English rich with a variety of dialect forms, a medley of structures and vocabulary derived from non-English sources. Africa, India, China, America and Britain provide a complexity of culture, of living habits; and the effects of past slavery, past and present poverty, and overcrowding make the environment at once rich in material and poor in opportunity for the writer, who often finds himself at home in London, New York or Paris—or in Africa.

The situation of the African writer is very different: he finds more scope in living and working in his own country. Only one African writer, Peter Abraham, has given us an African view—in his novel *This Island Now*—of the West Indies. But there are many West Indian accounts of Africa. The ancestral shore has called across the horizon to the islanders; but answering this call has often produced that phenomenon so beloved of British Council committees, the "culture-shock". George Lamming describes it brilliantly in the *Pleasures of Exile*; O. R. Dathorpe in *School Man* worries it like a bone of contention; Deola Williams puts it into the mouth of his hero Fionn in *Other Leopards* as a cry of barren despair. Edward Brathwaite's long poem about Africa—of which the first two parts, *Rights of Passage* and *Masks*, have appeared—is more balanced. His protagonist, the modern West Indian, makes his pilgrimage, searching for his ancestral memories, travelling to a distant town, and through time, through history, to a new knowledge of himself. He must return to his own region ultimately, for his sense of the past and what he seeks from it is different from African tradition.

In Africa, what is past or passing or to come makes up the contemporary community. And the modern African writer often reacts, violently against it. Wole Soyinka in his plays belabours it like a later-day Yeats denouncing Irish nineteenth-century political rhetoric; George Awoonor-Williams in his poems hopes for a continuation of its wisdom in a materialistic rootless society; the late Christopher Okigbo measured the loss, the complete cancelling out, in Chinua Achebe's profound novels comes the most skilful handling of the theme: the bridging of time between village and city, all illuminated with a variety of tone, a subtlety of speech, which is only now being recognized, and which needed the critical understanding of John Pepper Clark, the Nigerian dramatist, to make the social nuances of its characters clear to the non-African reader.

The richness, the range of choice, open to the West African writer, both in subject and style, is vast; but no less large is that of the West Indian writer who has to decide what he is, whether he will occupy a middle isthmus, or return from exile. Wilson Harris in his *Quarrel* sees the West Indian personality as shaped by landscape; V. S. Naipaul doubts so; his return to Trinidad if there is any such thing in *The Middle Passage*; and George Lamming looks forward to a new vision of life in *Of Age and Intoxication*, a return to the islands.

The *Chosen Tongue* indicates the scope and achievement of new writing to English, and its choice of quotation is skilful: it provides a good introduction, especially to those who are bound in, not only by larger, old-fashioned concepts of English, or even English and American literature, but by the fashionable prescribed, often skilfully limited reading-lists of schools and univer-

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The claims of the present have been answered by Nigerian writers: they have indicted tyranny and corruption. Okigbo recognized before his death that the smell of blood was floating in the lavender-mist of the afternoon, his symbols—drum, iron mask, fire and blood—carried the message of murder, war and despair. These same tensions inform the novels of James Ngugi, as he records the divisions and hostilities of an East African tribe, and places them in a landscape over-shadowing the details of man's life.

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The Renaissance

Sense of the past

PETER BURKE

This essay is an original study of the most important features of historical writing between 1580 and 1850 in Western Europe. The author is concerned with the "sense of history", which has been so much part of the culture of the West since 1800, and which he argues began to develop during the Renaissance—the fifteenth century in Italy, the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries elsewhere—and was lacking in the Middle Ages.
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Edward Arnold

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Civilized surroundings

There is still great room for development of the kind of writing—or should we call it book-planning?—that uses text, diagrams, maps, drawings, visual statistics and black-and-white or coloured photographs as elements of a single integrated language; so that every advance in this direction is of special interest. In the latest addition to Hamlyn's "Learning with Colour" series, designed for children entering their teens, the main visual flaws in a basically useful and attractive book are the gaudy picture-postcard colour and the poverty of much of the drawing; the pictures moreover tend at times to drift away from the relevant text, so that when, e.g., the latter says "Here is a small Baroque abbey church in Rome" the photograph beneath it is of St. Peter's, captioned as such. The text itself, written by the Hamlyn Group's Publishing Director, could have done with closer checking—*librerie*, for instance, is repeatedly used for *bibliothèque*—and is overfull of needless technical words like "pendentive" and "tracuation". But the real faults are the author's side are of conception. For the book reveals miserably between architectural

history (with a certain amount of other history thrown in) and architecture as a contemporary art, technique and profession. Surely it would have been better to set out simply to interest children in the second of these, leaving out the rather muddled definitions of architecture and aesthetics, which seem likely to alienate the less conscientious readers from the start.

All this is got brilliantly right in the first of the projected twelve limp-bound books of the Cambridge Introduction to the History of Man. Here Trevor Cairns of the Sunderland College of Education takes readers of much the same age—as well as a lot of their parents, to judge from the present reviewer's enjoyment—through an outline of human history from the beginnings of life on earth to the Hellenistic Age, using generally first-rate visual material, set out clearly and falling just where it should in the text; the offset reproduction too is clear and the colour agreeable. The author writes with great simplicity, but without appearing to think childishly, appealing to his readers' shrewdness by such remarks as this alongside a diagram of

the Greek polis, showing the mass of slaves at the bottom):

If you ever try to imagine what it would have been like to live, not in the twentieth century A.D., but in some other period of history, you should always try to imagine where you would have been in a diagram like that.

Another remarkable aspect of his (and his designers', Banks and Miles) achievement is, by their use of archaeological, biological, technical and artistic evidence and their reference to an evolving framework of philosophical ideas, to show that such other disciplines are not just areas for detached specialisation but have a common human relevance. It will be most surprising if his rather new departure in university publishing is not a resounding success.

TREVOR CAIRNS: *Architecture—The Great Art of Building*. Illustrations by Harry and Gwen Green, W. H. Stirling, Douglas MacDougall and Peter Warner. Hamlyn, 17s. 6d. (501.070186)

TREVOR CAIRNS: *Man Becomes Civilized*. Cambridge Introduction to the History of Man. Book 1. Art Editors: Banks and Miles. Cambridge University Press, 15s. (521.072263)

The picture is simply—itself

Geoffrey GRIFFIN: *Shapes and People*. A book about pictures. Intu. Baker, 36s (212.98354.7)

The best we can do for any child is to put him in the way of experience which we sincerely believe to be valuable. Today when so much thought is given to his academic ability and progress, imaginative experience is more than ever important, and an adult with lively imaginative understanding, and the wisdom and generosity to share this with a child, can make a unique contribution to his resources.

That Geoffrey Griffin has such wisdom has already been proved by his books *Shapes and Stories* and *Shapes and Adventures* in which he has given generously from his considerable knowledge and sensibility: and now in *Shapes and People* he has created the most successful of the three. The reproductions of the

paintings, their juxtaposition, and the text are as good as ever; again he enriches us with poems, references to myths and legends and information about the artists and about the derivation of words, but whereas in the earlier books the literary content was predominant, here there is a beautifully maintained balance between the visual and the literary, with a constructive emphasis upon the visual quality of each illustration and a reminder at the beginning that "The picture is simply—ITSELF".

Geoffrey Griffin captures a child's attention with stimulating stories and sensitively chosen quotations, the statement, for example, in Apollinaire's poem that Henri Rousseau was both the bird and the angel which sang his praises, but he also helps him to concentrate upon the enthralling colours, shapes, lines and tones which are essential to a picture and in its powers of communication.

Opera reading

CURTAIN-RAISER BOOKS. GLENN'S BIZET: *Carmen*. Illustrated by Hanna Wagner. The Flying Dutchman. Illustrated by Helmut Luckman. 1460.05903.3. Demy, 24s. each.

These are the first two of a new series in what is a new look for Dent, the "Curtain-Raiser Books". In a picture book format, the illustrations, by German artists, obviously rank high for, while the illustrations are good, the title page, no credit is given to author, editor or translator. Perhaps this is as well. Whatever one thinks of the illustrations, there can be no doubt that the text is far from outstanding. *The Flying Dutchman*, with its close association with myth, does survive as a good story, although not as spine-chilling as it should be. *Carmen*, which one would have imagined had all the right ingredients, emerges pedestrian and unimpressive, marred by small inconsistencies.

One is bound to wonder what is the aim of the series. If it is just to tell the story of a number of operas, the enterprise is ill-advised, for Kobbé at 63s. is a better investment than these volumes at 24s. per story. If it is to encourage children to hear and see opera, the link with the music is not clear enough. If it is to tell a good story, then it must be judged a doubtful success, as anyone who sets this text against the work of a good contemporary writer for children will realize.

There are many good books available on the history of music and on instruments of the orchestra, but no one has produced a satisfactory book which will increase children's musical appreciation as other works have increased appreciation of art. The appearance of the "Curtain-Raiser" books alters little: at most their pictures will put some children in touch with famous opera and ballet stories. The field remains virtually unexplored.

The ancient world Soviet children's writers

Oxford Children's Reference Library, 12: *The Ancient World*. Edited by Robert Ogilvie. Illustrated by Graham Oakley. Oxford University Press, 25s. (119.01012.4)

Volume 12 in the Oxford Children's Reference Library is a history of the peoples who lived between 4000 B.C. and A.D. 300, treated in 43 two-page episodes. The book begins with a time-chart, cross-referenced to each chapter, and a rather eccentric map in which the land is blue and the seas white and on the whole unnamed. Next follows a section explaining how archaeologists are able to tell us what life was like in prehistoric times, and then we are led from the first appearance of homo sapiens through Sumer, Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Persia to the rise of the Roman Empire.

The progression is not a tidily chronological one, nor is it geographical, three chapters on the Persians being fitted between five chapters on the Greeks, for example. Given such a wide ranging subject and an arrangement which is obscure, we have particular need of help, of dates under the chapter headings and of adequate maps. These are denied us. We have, for instance, two maps on the Bible lands: from these it is difficult to tell where Palestine is (the name appears in the margin) and Babylon, Jerusalem, Ur, Nineveh, all mentioned in the text, do not appear.

The Greek past

MARY RAY: *Living in Earliest Greece*. Illustrated by Peter Brantford. Faber and Faber, 25s. (571.08488.5)

Mary Ray has established herself as a historical novelist with a remarkable feeling for the everyday paraphernalia of living. However dramatic the events, however alien the mental attitudes of her characters, she preserves a strong, persistent thread of ordinary reality by means of the objects and sensations which form the background to these distant lives. In *Living in Earliest Greece* she has applied this gift, not in the interests of storytelling but to history for its own sake.

Seven episodes, each set in a particular place and ranging in time from roughly 4000 B.C. to 500, the year of Solon's reforms in Athens, trace the beginnings of civilization in pre-classical Greece. The development of ideas and mechanical skills is shown partly in straightforward, factual accounts and partly in imaginative reconstruction, through the eyes of young people of the times.

Tale of Abraham

ZVI LITVIN: (Lieberman): *In the Beginning*. Translated by Zippora Raphael. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. Oxford University Press, 20s. (19.271302.7)

This is a long novel on the life of the patriarch Abraham, from his birth near Ur of the Chaldees to the establishment of his people in the land of Canaan. The tale unfolds gravely, slowly, at the pace of sheep and shepherds. In his style much like Abraham's own manner of living, simple, free from ostentation or pretence, Abraham emerges from a detailed, authentic Sumerian background as a man of quiet virtues, peaceable and faithful, the friend of God.

We are used to the patriarch portrayed as an aged and reverend man. Here we see him engagingly young, an inventor and expertly young, with something of selfless curiosity in his make-up. We see him carrying a log to a wooden idol to the hope that it will speak. We are helped to understand the naivety of his rebellion, his clumsy struggle to philosophize about his gods.

This book will impress the adult who flick through its pages. At the level of children's needs it is failing. Sometimes we are given facts without being helped to a knowledge of their significance or background. Sometimes we are presented with vague generalizations. It does stir the imagination to read of the discovery of many of these graves, they tell us a great deal about the "people". Occasionally our interest is engaged, as when we learn that on a Babylonian myth, or that an earthquake, not Joshua's trumpet, flattened the walls of Jericho. Altogether, however, our interest is dulled by the procession of facts with relevance.

What we need in a factual book is a letter written in the style of the young Winnie Scobie, as quoted in a recent biography. As present *Cry* by Victoria Glendinning.

It is not so much knowledge as "thought" and "gesture" that we know a lot of facts and figures, if you do not know their relation to one another and to you. . . . The fact of the Norman Conquest, for instance, I have never thought of myself or my children or my others' theories and thoughts about language.

This reviewer has now been reading the facts of the Ancient World, has, alas, nothing to say about

The method is not new. What is especially interesting is Miss Ray's capacity for seizing the exact balance of strangeness and familiarity which can bring a ground instantly to life, and selecting the precise psychological moment when that society is poised on the brink of some of the changes of which these themselves are yet in ignorance. skilfully in the picture drawn each time we are left wondering what happened to the people concerned afterwards.

This is a thoroughly readable book, based on solid research, imagination and the common sense reminder that the years of childhood are not an abrupt end. The field's illustrations are sparse, but the text is so good that the reader is not likely to be disappointed. The illustrations are broken even by the story, although in the first episode he seems to have got the wrong snake goddess for the which could give rise to some confusion.

his disillusionment with gods and idols, his final enlightenment. The tale of Abraham as told is equally well told, by Victor G. Ambrus. Oxford University Press, 20s. (19.271302.7)

The only disappointment is the final chapters. Here the biblical stories of the visit of the three strangers before Isaac, the birth of the child, the command to Abraham to sacrifice Isaac, are so full of detail that they are almost unbearable. The author does not care to embellish with anything of selfless curiosity in his make-up. We see him carrying a log to a wooden idol to the hope that it will speak. We are helped to understand the naivety of his rebellion, his clumsy struggle to philosophize about his gods.

For the school holidays in France organizations spring up on all sides: their object, to relieve parents by taking the children off their hands. One such society arranges visits to historic buildings. Points of departure are selected and for a modest sum (which includes a meal) children are taken in charge.

In this context a new book on Paris has a special place and could be a useful addition also to an English school library. Paris: as *Guide Raconté aux Jeunes* by Gillette Ziegler and Georges Pernoud (Stock, 28frs.) is an illustrated account of the monuments, museums and history of the city.

Children for whom reading is still the preferred leisure occupation can find all the books they want at the Petit Clamart library, prototype of its kind, which is multiplying its activities. And books can be borrowed from a travelling library in the 2nd arrondissement. Below is a list of some outstanding books that have been published recently.

FRANÇOIS CÉLER: *Les Aventures d'Élie Marmel, les Chevaliers de l'Or*. Hachette, 3.90 frs.

A spy story which has won the Grand Prix of the Salon de l'Enfance. The heroes are a young radio reporter and four remarkable dolphins.

JACQUELINE CRIVON: *Jojo et Timbal*. Magnard, 7.90 frs.

Deserving winner of the Prix Fantasia for 1970 on account of its subject, its style and its setting. Young Jojo emerges from his native village knowing nothing—he cannot even read—but he is daring and courageous. He saves a boy from drowning and when Mignol gives his rescue a book about Vasco da Gama, Jojo learns to read with enthusiasm.

FRANÇOIS DE SÉVY: *La Maison de Batou*. Magnard, 7.90 frs.

A well-constructed story which has a runner-up for the Grand Prix of the Salon de l'Enfance. Batou, a child in the care of the Public Assistance, is separated from his group on the bombed roads of the 1940 exodus from Paris. Alone, lost, he finds shelter with Batou, a drunk. The boy recognizes instinctively the basically noble nature of this derelict creature. Through years of hardship (well described) the two work together on neighbouring farms. Often at cross-purposes, Batou yet manages to tame Batou's aggressive nature and to help him regain his dignity.

L. N. LAVOLLE: *Le Cheval des Ténèbres*. Rouge et Or, 8.20 frs.

Near the Spanish frontier, in the French

poet wrote for children because their creative sense of language, and consequently of being, made of them the only public that could be absolutely relied upon to understand him.

And, more particularly, to enjoy him. When he took (for example) the Italian verb *macchiare* and made of it the Russian verb *maknivat'sya* (to stuff oneself full with macaroni, with stuffs, imperfective and all the rest, it was a serious act of pleasure, like building a sandcastle. When his little hares (*zashchik*) got into their immortal little tramcars (*tramvaychiki*), the logic was not in the prettiness of the image but in the rhyme. Dostoevsky's repeated cry of "Limpopo! Limpopo!" on his heroic way to Africa is not only the name of a mysterious African river, it also contains the very rhythm and essence of riding.

For Chukovsky, writing for children was always a two-way process: he took from them as much as he gave, as witness the twenty or so editions, always supplemented and brought up to date, of *From Two to Five*, which will perhaps come to be seen as his most original and poetic work. This book, which has been translated and published in America but not yet, regrettably, in England, is basically a collection of sayings of pre-school children, illuminated by insights which are no less profound for their apparent light-heartedness.

A whole movement of listening in children and recording their adventures in speech arose round this book: thousands of parents and teachers from all over the Soviet Union wrote in to Chukovsky, year by year, and their most striking findings were incorporated in each successive edition.

Chukovsky was in it the very

BY WALTER SCHERF

Director, International Youth Library, Munich.

times. Even Hap Grishner's expressionistic woodcuts have now appeared: *Der Zauberer* (Faye of the heart; Munich: Pabel), they were made originally for his own family during the time of the National Socialists, when it was not possible for him to work as an artist.

Between the two extremes of this new look and the various revivals good examples of the traditional picture book are to be seen in two editions of Grimm tales: *Schneewittchen durch die ganze Welt* (The extraordinary companions: Munich: Ellermann) illustrated by Lilo Fromm, and *Vom Fischer und seiner Frau* (The fisher and his wife; Zurich: Atlantis), a high German version by H. M. Denneberg, but with the original North German dialect as well, and illustrated by Katrin Brandt.

As I said, there has also been an abrupt end to that of the political book. There have been a very few non-fiction books, but no fiction has appeared dealing with war, concentration camps, the lost East, Israel, Vietnam, &c. The end came overnight, cutting off a large stream of publishing.

Nearly all the well-known German writers published one or two titles during the year: Hans Baumann, Heinrich M. Denneberg, James Krüss, Otfried Preussner, and the younger ones like Tilde Möhls and Janosch also contributed good stories. But none of these books is sensational. The sensation is to be found among the titles for teenagers. Last year the best book in German was a Czech publication, this year it is a Slovakian: *Klara Jarinkova* written from the viewpoint of a younger brother—a seemingly good-for-nothing boy of a roadman's family living in the mountains. The accounts of daily life given by the

birth of Soviet children's literature, and the tradition he was instrumental in creating is still alive in Soviet books for very young children. Unfortunately, although he admired and translated some of the finest Anglo-Saxon literature for older children (*Tout Sawyer, Just So Stories* etc.) his own works for this age group lacked originality and conviction. Nor does there seem to have been any other Soviet writer of comparable stature in that sphere. Valentin Katayev, known in the West principally as the author of the play *Squaring the Circle*, wrote one or two excellent novels for children of ten upwards, notably *Long White Hall*, but his characteristic mixture of revolutionary romanticism and humour quickly became diluted. Arkady Gaidar, today elevated in the Soviet Union to the status of a children's classic, undoubtedly had great ability but was too anxious to convey a moral message.

A striking fact about Madame Lipanova's book is that under its general heading of "children's literature" it discusses only fiction and verse; books about history, travel, science, archaeology, etc., are not even mentioned. It is as though in her mind as in that of most Soviet educators cognition and imagination were two completely separate, sharply divided areas of intellectual life. The gradual recognition that this division is arbitrary is leading many Soviet writers far afield to experiment (not, it must be admitted, with much success so far) with synthesizing fictional and documentary narrative; but the division is still taken for granted where children are concerned, and this probably accounts for the present poverty of Soviet literature for older children. A truly modern literature for children will not be born until the false barrier has been swept away.

boys are short, humorous, (torpedoing sentimentality, pointing up ridiculous behaviour. But the understatement underlines his close love for his family and especially for his solitary older brother, the "taut wolf", who tragically loses his sweetheart in an avalanche. *Der Bruder des schwitzenden Wölfs* (Hamburg: Oetinger) is a book of the highest literary rank.

The other sensation is the French book by Léone Bourdage, *Die Kanakade von Vahay* (Stuttgart: Herold), the prize winner of Caorle. (The English translation, *The Guns of Vahay*, was reviewed in the TLS of October 3, 1968).

All the 3,000 more titles from the latest production of the whole world are to be seen and discussed in the twentieth International Exhibition of the International Youth Library in Munich, which also received this year more than 25,000 volumes from the International Bureau of Education in Geneva. The central activity of the Youth Library 1969 was the extension of the reference section to improve the study facilities which are provided with the book collection, now mustering more than 140,000 volumes. The most important step forward has been the publication of the five main catalogues by Hall, Boston, as a set of 18 large volumes. A special catalogue of 67 prize-book lists from many countries also appeared (distributed by Bowker, N.Y.). It seems that the German authorities understand the necessity of providing a larger building in the university area. The State Library is already giving space for more than 100,000 volumes. In the new building the reference section will become the heart of the whole—but first another problem must be solved. Since the I.Y.L. catalogues are now available in big reference libraries, the international loan exchange requires a new organization. For spring 1970 a Norwegian exhibition is planned and one for the Soviet Union will follow soon after.

From France

During the school holidays in France organizations spring up on all sides: their object, to relieve parents by taking the children off their hands. One such society arranges visits to historic buildings. Points of departure are selected and for a modest sum (which includes a meal) children are taken in charge.

In this context a new book on Paris has a special place and could be a useful addition also to an English school library. Paris: as *Guide Raconté aux Jeunes* by Gillette Ziegler and Georges Pernoud (Stock, 28frs.) is an illustrated account of the monuments, museums and history of the city.

Children for whom reading is still the preferred leisure occupation can find all the books they want at the Petit Clamart library, prototype of its kind, which is multiplying its activities. And books can be borrowed from a travelling library in the 2nd arrondissement. Below is a list of some outstanding books that have been published recently.

FRANÇOIS CÉLER: *Les Aventures d'Élie Marmel, les Chevaliers de l'Or*. Hachette, 3.90 frs.

A spy story which has won the Grand Prix of the Salon de l'Enfance. The heroes are a young radio reporter and four remarkable dolphins.

JACQUELINE CRIVON: *Jojo et Timbal*. Magnard, 7.90 frs.

Deserving winner of the Prix Fantasia for 1970 on account of its subject, its style and its setting. Young Jojo emerges from his native village knowing nothing—he cannot even read—but he is daring and courageous. He saves a boy from drowning and when Mignol gives his rescue a book about Vasco da Gama, Jojo learns to read with enthusiasm.

FRANÇOIS DE SÉVY: *La Maison de Batou*. Magnard, 7.90 frs.

A well-constructed story which has a runner-up for the Grand Prix of the Salon de l'Enfance. Batou, a child in the care of the Public Assistance, is separated from his group on the bombed roads of the 1940 exodus from Paris. Alone, lost, he finds shelter with Batou, a drunk. The boy recognizes instinctively the basically noble nature of this derelict creature. Through years of hardship (well described) the two work together on neighbouring farms. Often at cross-purposes, Batou yet manages to tame Batou's aggressive nature and to help him regain his dignity.

L. N. LAVOLLE: *Le Cheval des Ténèbres*. Rouge et Or, 8.20 frs.

Near the Spanish frontier, in the French

Pays Basque, an ancient race of wild horses called *potlons* is threatened with extinction by the local custom of slaughtering them for meat. François, a young boy from Paris, finds one of these shaggy ponies hidden in the high bracken, and with the help of a gypsy girl plans to save the pony.

L. N. LAVOLLE: *L'Ami du Grand Mogol*. Amilié, 8.90 frs.

A well-documented historical novel describing the odyssey of a sixteenth-century Frenchman, Jean de Bourbon, who, after his exile from France, lives through a series of extraordinary adventures which take him from slavery in Ethiopia to friendship with the Great Mogul of India.

J. P. MARQUANT and M. LEMANCIANT: *Déjà la Vallée de la Mort*. Hatier, 22.00 frs.

The hero of the exploit of courage and endurance related here is a young Frenchman, J. P. Marquant, who accomplished a feat never attempted before. Alone, and on foot, he crossed the region of California known as Death Valley.

R. RECHER: *Kouki*. Amilié, 8.20 frs.

An author who knows mountains and mountain life tells the story of Thomas, who lames a young chamois. The animal escapes and in searching for it Thomas and a girl encounter nearly lose their lives on the mountain.

YVONNE VIDAL: *Un Rêve pour Sisoka*. Rouge et Or, 8.20 frs.

Fascinated by the tale of the riches of the city as told by a man from Dakar, the poverty-stricken inhabitants of his Gambian village, young Sisoka sets out to earn his livelihood and to bring his family the life they must have to save them from famine. His dream comes true and he returns to the village with riches and honour.

OLIVIER JONIS: *Le Trésor des Hollandais*. Hachette, 15.00 frs.

An amusing detective story which has had a big success on French television. A quest for stolen jewels hidden on a desolate island, a dummy has as setting the little back-stage world of the Paris Opera, with all the young dancers taking part in the hunt.

BERNARD PERRE: *Le Petit Sherpa aux Neiges Blanches*. Nathan, 9.50frs.

A splendid adventure, told by an Alpinist explorer, leader of the expedition to Nun Kun, one of the summits of the Himalayas.

RENÉ AUREMIAN: *Prêt à Jeter la Jarlin des Plantes*. Hachette, 3.90frs.

What is there to do in the Easter holidays when you have to play in Paris? Very young readers can find an answer in this story of what happens to Jo when an aunt helps him and a friend to discover the delights of the Jardin des Plantes.

Benn Crackers for Christmas

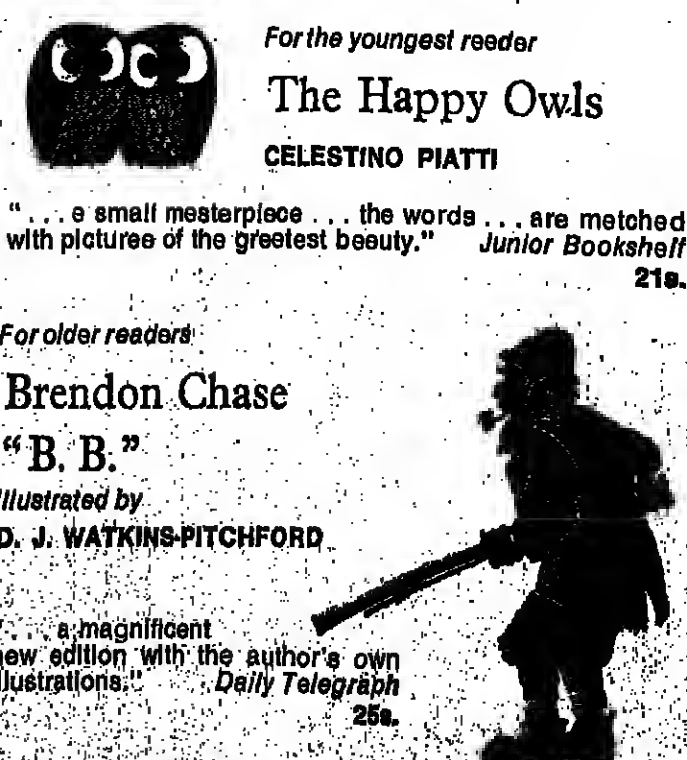
For the youngest reader
The Happy Owls
CELESTINO PIATTI

"... a small masterpiece... the words... are matched with pictures of the greatest beauty." Junior Bookshelf 21s.

For older readers:
Brendon Chase
"B. B."
Illustrated by
D. J. WATKINS-PITCHFORD

"... a magnificent new edition with the author's own illustrations." Daily Telegraph 25s.

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in the crucial and period of 1920-29, in the period of the gigantic revolution presents an extraordinary picture of divergent and conflicting trends. This was the period of a proper political and economic clash place with the Communist Party, involving the interests of non-party people, the interests of the bourgeoisie, and the interests of the peasants, touching the problems of theoretical and practical life. This happened in the period of the Communist Party's rise to the inner center of political and economic power, when the Communist Party was in the process of changing all the conditions of the country.

The economic policy of the Communist Party in 1921 created new conditions in the country, and the problems, which were connected with the new conditions, were solved at the time. This was the period of a clear and definite differentiation between the interests of the state and the interests of the peasants, leading to the suppression of interests of the peasants, which was the basis of the economic policy of the Communist Party. Hence, the economic policy of the Communist Party in the two volumes of *Foundations of a Planned Economy, 1926-1929* seems to be rich in content: a kind of twilight curtain "fell" in 1929, which is therefore a landmark for the Soviet Union. After 1929, almost immediately, on Russia, and the other countries, and virtually *terra incognita* to the outside investigator and scholar.

The widening gap and the opposed, conflicting aims between the Communist Party as the ruler, and the large groups of people concentrated in the private sector of the economy, mostly in agriculture, first give the impression of a divided country, a leadership searching for solutions to complicated problems, and almost floundering in the process. The Party was on the verge of concluding its hard and bitter inner struggle with the opposition of Trotsky, when new and greater dangers loomed ahead. The new State industries, still limited in scope, were unable to provide sufficient goods for the peasantry and the towns; while the vast majority of agriculture, concentrated in small peasant households living near subsistence level, had very limited amounts of grain available to provide food for the towns and the industrial enterprises springing up around them. At the same time, the thrifty and ruthless peasants—those who became known by the Russian word *kulaks*—grew richer, acquired the best land and were beginning to exert pressure on the state organs. The N.E.P. had succeeded in rearing a monster in the countryside.

It became an increasingly complex task to try to define the exact stages by which peasants moved between the classifications of poor, middle and rich (*kulaks*). The definitions lacked precision and were often arbitrary, and were fluid from region to region and from one period to another.

The traditional policy of the Bolsheviks was to form an alliance between the poor peasants and the indefinable middle peasants against the encroaching acquisitiveness of the rich. This was Lenin's view before the Revolution. After the N.E.P. was introduced Soviet policy was, for a number of years, to encourage the peasantry, without emphasizing too much the differentiation within the villages. The slogan was: "Enrich yourselves."

In July, 1926, Trotsky and Zinoviev, having joined forces and formed the "United Opposition", put forward the demand for a more rapid industrialization, at the same time pointing out that "in questions of agricultural policy the danger of a shift in favour of the upper strata in the countryside is becoming more and more clearly defined". The Opposition concentrated its attacks on the economic policies which helped the kulak. One of the most prominent members of the Opposition, Ivan Smilgin, mentioned that the equilibrium between the towns and country had been destroyed in favour of the latter. The Opposition demanded an all-out attack against the kulaks.

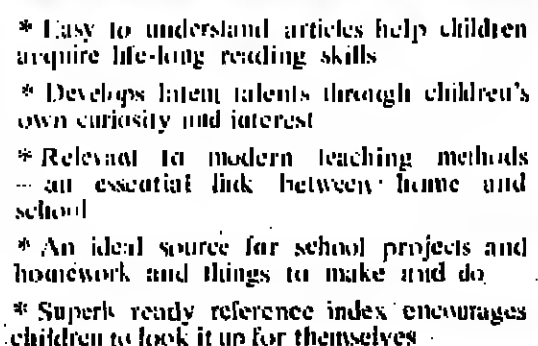
Slutsk at that time was working closely with the group of Bukharin, Rykov, and Tomsky—the chief theoretician of the party, the prime minister, and the leader of the trade unions respectively: quite an influential quadrumvirate. Fortunately, the harvest of 1926 was far better than expected, and the fears of the Opposition were not justified. Bukharin, on behalf of the ruling group in the party, argued against the demands of the Opposition for an intensified industrialization and

The Communist Party suddenly woke up to the growing danger of the kulaks. The alarm was sounded. Everybody agreed that the kulak had to be clipped, but how? About this the leading group of communists disagreed. At first the Communist Party advocated the alliance of the poor and middle peasants against the kulaks, and the task of winning them over to enter either the state farms or *sovkhozy* or to form large cooperative collective farms.

The *Oxford Book of Food Plants* joins the series which already includes the *Oxford Books of Wild Flowers*, *Garden Flowers*, *Flowering Plants*, *Birds*, and *Insects*, and covers the plants, from all over the world, which provide man with food. The text describes each plant, and aspects of its development and use, in terms of botany, cultivation, history, and nutrition. 95 colour plates.



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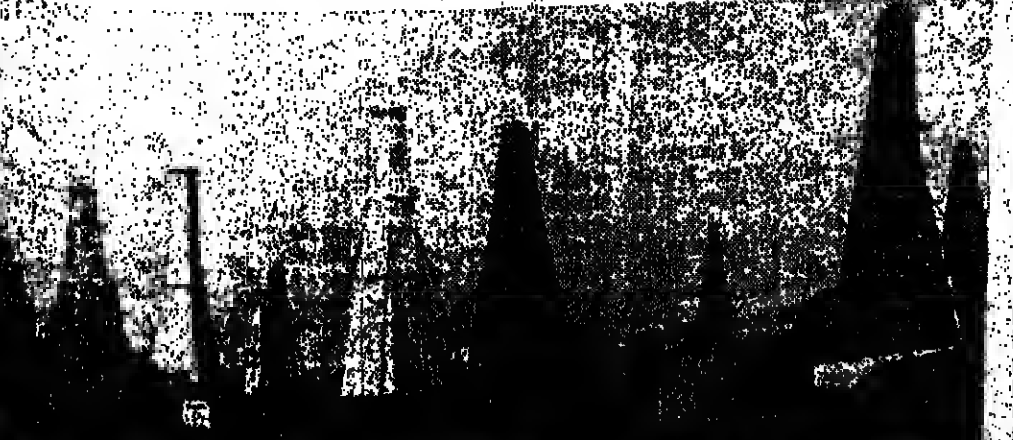
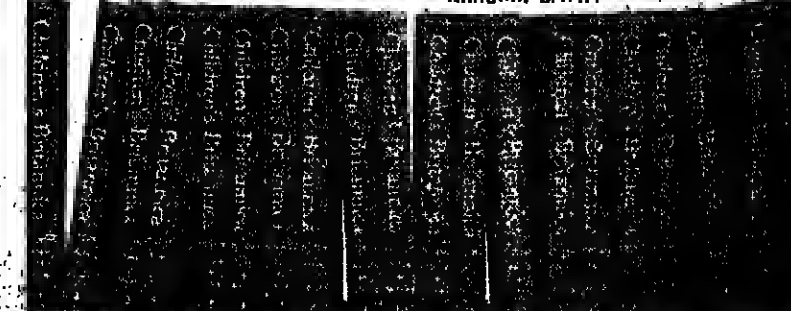
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Window on the world

KENNETH CLARK: *Civilisation: A Personal View*. 359pp. B.B.C. Publications and John Murray. £4 4s.

Civilisation is derived from the scripts of the already famous series of television programmes given by Lord Clark in the spring of 1969. "Derived" is the right word, for though the book has been published remarkably soon after the production of the programmes, the text has been skillfully adapted to suit a reader's eye. The author truly says in his foreword that "writing for television is fundamentally different from writing a book, not only in style and presentation, but in the whole approach to the subject". This book reads like a book, not like a script compiled from lecture notes: the text does not betray the fact that it is not the original version.

Some composers have made music that could not be rendered as the composer intended it to be by any instrument that was yet in existence in the composer's lifetime. Lord Clark has been fortunate in his generation. Television has given him an adequate instrument for conveying what he has wanted to say to the listener, to play for the listener's ear, and to display to the listener's eye. Television has also given him an enormous audience, and his relation with his audience was a happy one from the start. The audience was as much delighted to receive what he was giving as he enjoyed giving it, and no doubt the B.B.C. was equally glad to see its instrument being put to such an admirable use.

What Lord Clark had to convey was multi-dimensional, and no medium, before the invention of

television, could have met all his needs. He was able to make himself visible and audible, standing in the place—say, a seventeenth-century piece of Rome—about which he was talking. He could show buildings and pictures—not reproductions of them, but the realities—and he could hear contemporary music to recreate the emotional atmosphere of his theme. While he is also conscious of the limitations of a television series, particularly the shortness of the time at his disposal, he rejoices in the merits of this medium; and he is so painfully conscious of the greater limitations of print and illustration that he has won this book from him only "by the skin of his teeth" (the title of the book's first chapter). Yet, if he had decided not to publish the book, this would have been a grievous loss for the reading public. Presumably a television programme, once produced, can be replayed any number of times, and this series sorely will be. Yet the pressure on the time of television channels is so great that there is plenty of scope for a book as well; for a book is a more handy vehicle. The reader can pick it up, start and stop at will, turn the pages in compare one passage with another, and perhaps use this book in conjunction with a dozen others within reach of his table. In fact, television has supplemented books but has not put them out of action.

In this book, and in the foregoing series of television programmes, Lord Clark has used his mastery of knowledge and understanding of the arts of the Western civilization to describe and appraise its creative achievements. He opens his knowledge, like a window through which his viewer-listener, and now his

readers too, can catch a vision of the whole gamut of life in the Western World from the collapse of the Roman Empire down to the nineteenth-century impressionist school of painters. He carries his story down as near to the present day as his own beliefs and sympathies can accompany it. The last two pages, in which he runs his colours up to his masthead, are as interesting as the first page of his foreword (none of the intervening pages are dull).

He is slightly uneasy about his title. He is well aware that the West's word has not been the only word, and that it is unlikely to be the last word—unless, of course, our new "shadowy companion" consigns mankind abruptly to darkness and silence. Perhaps the title of the first chapter, "The Skin of our Teeth", might have done duty for the book as a whole. It is, indeed, astonishing that civilization should ever have sprouted again in that dead end of the Old World in which some meagre seeds of civilization had been scattered thinly by the Greco-Roman civilization in an age in which this had already gone stale. In an illuminating passage, the author points out that tenth-century Western Europe does not look barbarous as it was viewed through the window of art—as it does when it is texted by its performance in literature and in politics.

All the same, an intelligent and cultivated tenth-century Byzantine or Muslim observer of the West would have been contemptuously incredulous if it had been prophesied to him that, in the next century, the Western civilization would draw level with his own, and that, in the century after that, it would forge ahead of it. In the tenth century, Western Europe was still geographically a dead end; another five centuries were still to pass before Seneca's present fantasy—that, one day, new worlds would be discovered beyond the Atlantic—was going to be translated into exciting fact by Portuguese and Spanish mariners. Meanwhile Carthage, like Paris, was still world's end. For Muslims and

for Orthodox Christians, the whole gamut of life in the Western World from the collapse of the Roman Empire down to the nineteenth-century impressionist school of painters. He carries his story down as near to the present day as his own beliefs and sympathies can accompany it. The last two pages, in which he runs his colours up to his masthead, are as interesting as the first page of his foreword (none of the intervening pages are dull).

It is impossible to review a book like this comprehensively, and reviewer's samples of passages have struck him particularly only "be arbitrary"—a general view, in fact, like the one Lord Clark does full justice to the greatness of St. Francis of Assisi, a authoritative written record appeared in the west so far back as the twelfth century, e.g., later generations of westerners made only a perfunctory bow to Francis's espousal of poverty and his workaday practice that followed not the saint but the saint's estranged father, Pietro Bernardone, who attained his objectives being a financially successful businessman.

Lord Clark is too good a master of the history of western art and civilization to let the glamour of Renaissance obscure the gloom of seventeenth-century Rome. He also keenly alive to the greatness of the early nineteenth-century engineers. It is natural that he has a fellow-feeling for them, their experience and achievement are counterparts of his own. Technology provided them, with a new multi-dimensional instrument: theirs was steam, acting with iron—and they had time of their lives in perfecting the tools that they had placed in their hands. Clark describes the scripts that have been transposed into the text of his book as having been "an experience I have enjoyed in the fifty years". He has succeeded superbly in communicating this experience, and his enjoyment of his contemporaries.

Recapitulations

by H. G. WALT. Translated by H. G. WALT. Hutchinson. 629pp. 629pp. Hutchinson.

It is impossible to review a book like this comprehensively, and reviewer's samples of passages have struck him particularly only "be arbitrary"—a general view, in fact, like the one Lord Clark does full justice to the greatness of St. Francis of Assisi, a authoritative written record appeared in the west so far back as the twelfth century, e.g., later generations of westerners made only a perfunctory bow to Francis's espousal of poverty and his workaday practice that followed not the saint but the saint's estranged father, Pietro Bernardone, who attained his objectives being a financially successful businessman.

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In his introduction to the latest translation, Dr. Walt makes use of recent discoveries about Hitler's autobiographical mis-statements. He also emphasizes how small at first was the sale of the book. Then, in 1930, propaganda and all the arts of a demagogue of genius brought a huge increase for votes for the Party, so that by the end of 1933, the year after the Nazis secured power, in million and a half copies were sold in Germany. In the next few years the book was a constant best-seller, made known all over the world by translations into fourteen languages.

The publishers say that objections were raised to a new edition, especially by Germans, who feared that this late-propaganda might influence young people today, and even more that it would be shown up as a typical product of the German character. But Dr. Walt says there need be no fear of such consequences: "the plague has run its course; it is now for the scientists to isolate and examine the bacillus". Hitler, he says, was not the product of Germany, but of the Habsburgs' Austria-Hungary, and of the revolution the latter caused in a young man of tendencies that even then bordered on the psychopathic.

The translator provides an interesting analysis of Hitler's literary style. It was, he says, that of a self-educated modern South German with a gift of oratory, possessing a voracious appetite for reading the Austrian newspapers of his day, which were often "slovenly, illogical and pretentious".

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE: *The Spectre of Stalin*. Translated by Irene Schapiro. 111pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.2s.

This essay, "Le Fantôme de Stalin", was first published in *Les Temps Modernes* in 1956-57 and later in Sartre's *Situations III*. It is "the

fruit of M. Sartre's protest against the Soviet intervention in Hungary in 1956". Sartre's argument is that Stalin was "necessary" if Russia was to be industrialized, but that industrialization had been achieved, so that it could now be jettisoned. His essay is a plea for a humanized Marxism in Russia and in France (TLS, April 15, 1965).

If he begins to look "past" in England, Sartre is ever more present in France, with the steady publication of his polemical tracts. The translation is sound and the translator has provided notes on references; the resolute entries make an irresistible trio: Lord Avon, Burdett and Beria.

GILLES PERRAUD: *The Red Orchestra*. Translated by Peter Arthur Barker. £2 18s.

French title: *L'Orchestre rouge*. An immensely thorough account of the "largest and most elaborate and, it must be added, best-known Russian spy-ring operating during the war" in Belgium, France and Berlin. Written in a "repetitive and rhetorical style", this is "a book which requires spy enthusiasm to finish but which the spy enthusiast will value highly" (TLS, July 4, 1968).

There are sixteen pages of illustrations, but no index.

JOSE ORTEGA Y GASSET: *The Dehumanization of Art and other essays on Art, Culture and Literature*. Translated by Helen Weyl and others. 204pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 8s. (Paperback, 22s. 1).

Ortega y Gasset's "patient, searching essays on the future of art and the novel" were first published in 1925, and take what were then current trends to be the only possible future

for the arts. The overall tendency which Ortega isolates and supports is "to get as far away as possible from the human element of lived reality" (TLS, February 5, 1949).

Ortega's essays are surely more relevant to the situation of the arts now than they were twenty years ago, and his "Notes on the Novel" in particular should be better known. This new edition also reprints three essays by Ortega from the *Parlance Review*: "In Search of Goethe from Within", "On Point of View in the Arts" and "The Self and the Other".

MARIO VARGAS LLOSA: *The Green House*. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. 405pp. Capa. £2 2s.

Spanish title: *La Casa verde*. A large novel in the modern Latin American mode which takes in a wide sweep of society and over a period of forty years, Vargas Llosa handles his "over-abundant material" neatly and with fine detachment, though he has inevitably sacrificed depth for breadth in his social observation (TLS, September 22, 1966).

A readable, consistent American translation of one of Latin America's most significant younger novelists.

T. H. WHITE: *The Book of Beasts*. 296pp. Cape. 5s

T. H. White's "quite admirable" translation of a twelfth-century bestiary combines "scholarship, literary grace and a ready wit", while his editing is marked by the best sort of amateur scholarship: "neither pedantic nor cranky, but widely read in a charmingly arbitrary fashion" (TLS, October 29, 1954).

This re-issue of a work first published fifteen years ago costs three times as much as the original, but it is richly produced and makes a thoroughly desirable book.

The British General Election of 1955 (1955)

D. E. Buller New Impression 70s

Behemoth or The Long Parliament (1889)

Thomas Hobbes Edited by Ferdinand Tönnies and with a new introduction by M. M. Goldsmith Second Edition 55s

The Elements of Law, Natural and Politic (1889)

Thomas Hobbes Edited with a preface and critical notes by Ferdinand Tönnies and with a new introduction by M. M. Goldsmith Second Edition 50s

Hobbes and his Critics A Study in Seventeenth Century Constitutionalism (1951)

John Bowle New Impression with Corrections 50s

The Good Old Cause The English Revolution of 1640-1660

Its Causes, Course and Consequences (1949) Extracts from contemporary sources edited by Christopher Hill and Edmund Dell Second Edition revised and with a new introduction by Christopher Hill 55s

Our New Masters (1873)

Thomas Wright New Impression 56 6s

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Brian W. Downs New Impression 50s

Oriental Mysticism A Treatise on Sufistic and Unitarian Theosophy of the Persians (1867/1936)

E. H. Palmer New Impression of First Edition 42s

West African Leadership (1951)

Public Speeches delivered by J. E. Casely Hayford Magnus J. Sampaon, ed. New Impression 50s

African Marriage and Social Change

Lucy Mair Reprinted from Part I of *Survey of African Marriage and Family Life*, edited by Arthur Phillips (1953) 45s

Garenganze or Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work in Central Africa (1889)

Frederick Stanley Arnot With a new introduction by Robert I. Rotberg Second Edition 84s

Reality Versus Romance in South Central Africa

Being an Account of A Journey across the Continent from Banguella on the West... to the Mouth of the Zambesi on the East Coast (1893) James Johnston With a new introduction by James Hooker Second Edition 56s

A Geographical Survey of Africa (1840)

James M'Queen New Impression 96s

Frank Cass

Galbraith anew

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH: *The Affluent Society*. Second Edition. Revised. 333pp. Hamish Hamilton. 36s.

The reappearance of Professor Galbraith's spirited plea for the diversion of resources away from the production of material goods towards the provision of clean air, more education, the rehabilitation of urban ghettos, etc., for most of which the public authorities must provide funds, is welcome. It is addressed primarily to Americans. It was first published eleven years ago and the date at which we in Britain may need a little Galbraithism has come that much nearer.

This second edition has a new introduction containing an interesting retrospect on the development of thought in the United States that prompted Galbraith's attack on "conventional wisdom". There is little alteration in the first two-thirds of the main text, except for a few verbal changes. The chapter on "The myth that military power is a function of economic output", which recalled the wisdom of David Hume, has been dropped, as has a detailed elaboration of a scheme for "cyclically graduated compensation" (for the unemployed), which has a family resemblance to proposals made by Professor James Meade here during the Second World War.

There is not much new matter in the last third of the main text; there is, however, a very important new passage recommending what we call an "income policy", with tools in it. Professor Galbraith is not a liberal who is? This passage may well have substantial influence on the United States, and thereby here also. The analysis of conditions of poverty has been partly changed, and there are changes in the language of the concluding chapters "Security and Survival".

readers to similar misconceptions in the main text. "They were ideas, both market revival and the Keynesian pre-occupation with employment and production, and seemed to be flaming." Thus in Galbraith's study Keynes, whom he treats with due respect, seems to figure in the narrative as, to some extent, a power of darkness. Keynes was certainly in favour of full employment; so, to some extent, we may judge, is Galbraith. But this matter is not fully explained by him; one would think that labour deployed to prevent pollution, etc.—and in the new edition he explains that this kind of call upon labour is now greater than he envisaged eleven years ago—would offset the lower amount required for the production of material goods in his scheme. It may be that, for the social optimist, there should be a legal decrease in the standard working day; Galbraith does not go deeply into this.

His representation of Keynes as responsible for the idea favouring a maximization of output of material goods and thereby as an illicit ally of the "market economy" enthusiasts, has no foundation in fact. When Keynes began to advocate in 1923, as the spillover of what we now call "fiscal policy", was a corollary of "Public Works". There was no change of emphasis in this respect until he became ill in 1937 and was thereafter absorbed in wartime activity and then died. "Public Works" The specific content of what would be suitable for us in 1923 may have been somewhat different from that appropriate to the United States in 1969. But in regard to the context of what should be stepped up to maintain employment, Keynes was a hundred per cent Galbraithian: namely, for public policy to enlarge the provision of services that the public authorities can alone provide. It is rather sad that so distinguished an American scholar as Professor Galbraith should know so little about the thinking of Keynes.

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Jansenist emissary

vital weight of human activity is at present engaged, a faith, a mysticism is necessary". Though now almost orthodox doctrine, this thesis explains why Teilhard has so enraged certain specialists in scientific activity.

As Dr. N. M. Wildiers says in his preface, many of the ideas found in these writings have already been elaborated from another angle in essays already published; and here they are sometimes developed in greater detail. Two, indeed, were published in Teilhard's life—a few pages on "The Significance and Positive Value of Suffering" (1933) and "The Mysticism of Science" (1939). This latter essay proclaims the doctrine that "in order to sustain and extend the huge, inevitable and legitimate effort of research in which the

The little essay, written in 1937, notes (the Eddingtonian) "suspicion that photons, protons, electrons and other elements of matter have no more (and no less) reality outside our thought than colours independent of our eyes." It notes also the growth on earth of a certain "cosmic sense", by which each of us tends to be habitually and practically conscious of his links with the universe in evolution. This provokes an editorial footnote: "In speaking of Christian nominalism or Christian positivism Teilhard intends to denounce the heretical deviations which remain attached to these words not to bring them back or mislead them to their true and orthodox meaning." Does he? The natural interpretation of his language is that there is more in nominalism and positivism than orthodoxy had allowed. The editorial policy behind such notes is that they "have been rendered necessary by erroneous interpretations of the author's thought in various books and articles in the press". On the whole it is better to let Teilhard speak for himself.

Cousin of Richelieu, brother of a duchess, uncle of a bishop, Pontichâteau (1634-1690) was one of the most original of the curiously assorted band that shared the solitude of Port Royal. His happiest years were spent there as a gardener, and the nearest he came to reacquainting such happiness was in his last years in similar employment at the Cistercian abbey of Orval. A full study of his life is overdue, and such fascinating glimpses of it as are afforded by his more personal letters reveal an exceptionally sensitive and complex character. M. Neuveu has, however, preferred to concentrate on Pontichâteau's two conflictual missions to Rome (1677-1680) and thus to illuminate some of the obscurer corners of seventeenth-century ecclesiastical history. The first half of his weighty volume consists of a biographical sketch, with some 150 pages devoted to a close examination of the Roman visits, their purpose and their background. The rest of the book is given up to 173 unpublished documents, mostly from the Vatican and Jansenist archives in France and Holland, and this, M. Neuveu believes, is the more important part of his

The great merit of M. Neveui's work is his identification of policy decisions (or indecisions) with specific individuals and interests at the Curia of Innocent XI. With engaging candour he begins by admitting that Innocent's beneficence in 1956 has done little to stimulate historical research into his puzzling character, but suggests that the key figures for an understanding of papal policy in French affairs are Favoriti and Casotti, successive Secretaries of the Cipher (assistants in the Secretary of State). The historian's task is not eased by the disappearance of sixty-three volumes of their state papers 200 years ago, but M. Neveui is able to publish for the first time some sixty-six letters to or from Ponchietta (1677-1689) showing the easy intimacy he established with these papal diplomats. Obligated to move about Rome under an assumed name, usually after dark, this aristocrat whose renunciation was for humble solitude seemed to have been more effective in promoting the interests of his friends than was the French ambassador in countering them. The atmosphere of censeless intrigue comes out well from a detailed summary of the respective activities of French religious houses in Rome, of the Jesuits, then under a cloud, and of the Embrassy

Pontchaëau's primary argument was the defence of the rights of Royal, and of Jansenists in general, against royal persecution, but he found himself caught up in a tangled affair of the Regency (half of the Bishops of Alet (Piemont) and in the great effort over laxism, in which he played a major role by compiling data on Jesuit practice in the mission. It was as rigorists that he differed as Arnauld, Le Cam, Grenoble, Necessaire, and Bishops of Alet and Pamiers together, and when some of adopted Ultramontane positions the Regalia or Louis's treatment of religious houses, there were anti-Gallican curialists only too welcome as allies (he declared) Jansenists. Many copious documentation shows all these problems and persons interlock. If Pontchaëau did actually set up a Jansenist episcopate, Rome has been claimed on now see how he paved the way. Don Vautuel fanother of his episcopate, who spent some years in just that role. The last of Pontchaëau's life, especially Orval, is a far cry from the diplomacy in Rome, but he gained his contacts to the end with a reputation for sanctity in the midst of disapprobation.

This modestly written book goes far beyond the limits suggested by the title, and is to be hoped that M. Nèze one day give us the full book for which he has now supplied much of the raw material.

E. A. Mamba for South Africa
of Poems (1930-1950)
Marginal Comments
Selected Letters 1924-1950
 Edited by A. E. Mamba
 Peter Owen.

A sample of those writers whose observations are of importance in their lives, that in his divided characters, in his understanding divorced from his own, the pre-eminence is the outcome of his environment, of his manipulation of the elements are under-standings of imagery and of symbols, and which he missed in a

are worth more
 Scarf (Jan-Paul)
 study". *The*
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 exists a fuller
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ponents Professor Blasin, and in a later chapter he quotes a passage from the *Moon and the Bonapartes*:

Since told me you could hear the women shrieking from the valley of the Helio when Valturo took off his belt and beat them like beasts, the thought came to it wasn't the wife they didn't have as much as that. It was after that moment and his rage at his wife which never gave him a break.

For his companions Professor Blasin turns chronologically back and forth—among the stones and novels; and, for example, the study of "Anarch," less of innocence in the short story "The Confined" in relation to that of "Coma" in the final "Summer."

Readers familiar with the autobiographical *This Business of Living* will realize the importance of Blasin's writing as both an outlet for his own obsessions and a compensation for his innate diffidence and sexual inelegance. All I have ever come to after from these, ineptly put in confidence, is that one of our writers, schooled by an entry in *Details*, "Your situation," lies in bed, on his back, into your cell, in a "summer" any risk," and, "I've written even on the small of my back," a letter to "the Civil War" about our comparison of the most unattractive elderly couple in court, Boris: "Boris doesn't have the evil eye," he is the in-

carnation of solitude and death that
 everyone carries within him.
 Linked with this is the longing for
 patriarchal love, expressed in his
 nostalgia for his native Langhe hills
 and recurring images: "the big hill
 shaped like a woman's breast," "the
 dark nipple of Monticello".
 Pavese is likewise fascinated by
 aspects of divilive love that Professor
 Bisiani calls "the narcissism that
 opposes love to marriage", as evoked
 in the strange seascide atmosphere—
 not unlike that to be found in the
 novels of Marguerite Duras—of *The
 Beach*. Pavese deals sympathetically
 with sensitive characters who have an
 almost pathological inability to com-
 municate, exemplified by Corrado
 and his son Dino in *The House on
 the Hill*. Pavese himself shared not
 a little of Corrado's apathetic; per-
 haps his acute sensitivity and inter-
 vision were compensations and his
 loneliness was purely from the aes-
 thetic point of view, a necessary
 martyrdom.

Translated excerpts from Pavese's
 poems, *Lavorare stanza* (Work is
 Wearying, with comments and notes
 are further features of Professor
 Bisiani's study; and the publication
 of Margaret Crosland's translations
 from *Lavorare stanza* and other
 Pavese poems allows us to compare
 two versions with those by Yvonne
 L'Ecuyer, the translator of *The Smile
 of the Gods*. Miss Crosland also
 includes her translations of two in-
 cluding essays by Pavese on poetic
 composition. Many of the trans-
 lations are successful poems in their
 own right.

Comparing translations of the

was to be puzzled by such diverse interpretations of the same lines. For example, Mrs. Freccero's "Southern Seas": "... an island called Tasmania/surrounded by a deep blue sea, seething with sharks"; and Miss Crossland's "The Southern Seas": "... an island called Tasmania/tinged with bluer seas, where the squall were fierce".

Selected Letters 1924-1950 represents a drastic reduction to about a third of the bulk of the original Italian *Lettere 1924-1944*. Mr. March, the editor and translator, Mr. March, selection convincingly enough and he retains some forty years of letters of the period 1944-1950 which, in view of Pavese's suicide at the end of August 1950, are both intriguing and tragic.

The following passage in a letter to Bianca Giamini without he collaborated on the novel *A Great Fear*, or example, gives rise to speculation:

... I was well aware when I started this book that I should dump into it all my own bitterness and self, but I know that your words express exactly the conviction that has had, and still has, for me, significance not entirely literary.

... to Rina Dal Sasso we have an episode of Pavese's moral aestheticism concerning literature. Apropos, allegedly he writes:

The letters to Constance Dowling, the American film star with whom Pavese was infatuated, and to her sister, Doris, are poignant. In his letters Pavese sometimes indulges in pleasure I know is to be pined ^{for}) and indulgent delinquency. There is a curious self-consciousness, only half-mocking, in some of these final letters; to Doris Dowling: "Now the long day's task is done and I have immortal longings in me. . . ." It was to the faithful friend Fernanda Ravizza to whom he dedicated the poem "Nocturne" but to whom he made his most testily censorious that he made his best telephone call; and the obscure girl Pierina that he really unburdened himself: "One cannot burn the candle at both ends, my case I have burned it all from the end only and the ashes are the books I have written."

1

The experience of belief

rich, the middle class, and the poor while the third part is concerned with the social status of the various classes, which was not determined by any means wholly by economic facts. Here the various divisions of the clergy are considered, and their lay nobility and the scribes and Pharisees. It was especially among the scribes and Pharisees that economic resources were not the key to status.

Mr. Owen has here made a most impressive contribution to a subject of great difficulty: belief in God. The book's convincing quality is gradually built up by a thorough consideration of the whole area of contributory thought; no problems are shirked, and no conclusions are lightly reached. His reading is extremely wide so that it seems that no considerable author is omitted and no worthwhile book overlooked, and what is even more important, it is a book in which everything has been subjected to most determined thought. If it makes, as indeed it does, difficult reading that is only what the problems deserve and it is an indication of the book's value. It is a book which philosophers and serious theologians will have to read. "God" is like all other subject of thought; indeed it is almost doubtful if it is correct to use such a word as "subject", for if theism is accepted the thinker is himself part of what is being discussed. I cannot leave myself out of the discussion.

What is being discussed; for if theist is correct "in him we live and move and have our being," "meaning" I assign to "God" involves the "meaning" that I assign to myself. I cannot isolate "God" as though he were the port on the Comminn Room table, and if I try to do so I find that the port instantly being included. It is clearly the crucial discussion in which anyone cannot be occupied. I find best to carefullest I end in some total intellectual disbelief.

That opens a second point I might be worth notice. It often seems as though the theist and the atheist are talking about different things, differing to get the terms clearly defined before the discussion begins. We do not the talking slides away into false notions of God: the Deists, perhaps, and their successors whom John Robinson is quite possibly one, or the Fundamentalists. One needs to be sure that one is talking about the real God; and then, as Mr. Owen sees so clearly, have to discuss revelation.

Bishop Gore, a thinker who is day too much forgotten, once claimed that the Hebrews

an argument which philosophers have been reluctant to overlook. But that apart, the philosopher is heaped upon the philosopher as an element in human experience, which, if not quite universal, is at least sufficiently so to demand contention. One has felt something of this in the case of the seemingly Mr. Owen has, as if he were trying to discuss Beethoven with someone who was too busy to listen. And continuing with the music, a discussion with the "Dear God" people can be very like a discussion Mozart with someone who can only hear "Pop". One can always be sure, as Mr. Owen is, that one is discussing the real.

India

SOUTH INDIA: A NEW
IN HUMAN ASPIR-
ATION Manoharan

For a number of
decades, he has been
leading authority
figures in Indian
politics, particularly
in the South
States, and partly
work that he did
in the Tribal Sec-
retariat of the
Ministry of Develop-
ment and
Education of
the present Govt.
of Madras, he
carried on for
years, he has set his
process by which
general and not
particular
difficulties are
mitigated by chang-
ing the
losing their tradi-
tional
are taking their own
social structure, their
potent state, which
interest anthropology
wide useful material

"In the farm of Massey-Ferguson the largest international in the western world a portion of it achieved through itself an accurate industrial business policy. Dr. Neufeldt's growth is with its postwar complex international

Psychology

MILLER, EUGENE S.
Ladd: *Phineas F. Lodge*. 299pp.
Reserve University (American Union) College of Ed. Sci.
G. T. Ladd was a social psychologist. Reserve who became a financial minister in psychology, he turned a psychologist, eventually professor at Yale was one of the early laboratories. He also on philosophical or

machinery industry today is among national corporations. That a substantial expansion was amalgamations is reflection of much history." Accord- ing to the history of the mainly concerned development into a national organization.

George Trumbull
American Psycho-
Case Western
University Press.
Chicago Publishers

on of the Western
a Congrega-
in the 1860s.
ned in academic
ily becoming a
ere he founded
psychological
so wrote widely
and educational.

Mr. Mills, who
admirer of Ladd,
capable it would
graphy, based on
lished autobiog-
tion of Ladd's
esting about La-
and particularly
Yale period, bring-
peculiar combina-
rectitude and insul-
that ultimately cost
His book will be
interest not only to
chological history b
interest in late ni-
Americana.

Religion

Hvor, K. E. *Religion*
Learners. 119pp. S.

The recent work of D
man has brought the
Pietist into the field of
ing, suggesting that
stages of development
grasp of religious feel-
This research study ill-
implications of the sig-
child aged thirteen

has long been an
at, has written a
that superficial bio-
biography on an unprob-
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trayed, early life
going on the
ground out well that
the moral
erable arrogance
Ladd his chair.
of considerable
amateurs of por-
trait to all with an
nineteenth-century

*Education and Stow-
C.M. Press 30s.*

R. Rinald Gold-
methods of Jean
religious defini-
are definite
it in the child's
and concepts,
illustrates well
the advantages when a

the agri-
religions education
sideration the
learners"; Dr. Hy-
for pointing out the
often in this category
the need to relate
real life in as ex-
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